

## A SAILOR'S ESCAPE.

## The Remarkable Adventure of a Frenchman in Africa.

When Africa was first opened to adventurous explorers, a French vessel sailed up one of the African rivers that empty into the Gulf of Guinea, to trade with the natives; and while engaged in this expedition the captain, first and second mates and a majority of the crew were prostrated with the fever of that region, which so often proves destructive to unacclimated persons. On learning that the crew were not in a condition to either work the vessel or properly defend themselves, a body of hostile natives, one dark night, made a sudden attack, and succeeded in capturing the ship and murdering all but one sailor, named Jarvene, who escaped by jumping into the river and swimming ashore.

Crawling up the muddy bank, and finding himself on the edge of a thick jungle, Jarvene, anxious to preserve his life, and not knowing better what to do, at once plunged into the vegetable labyrinth, and hurried forward, he knew not whither. For hours he continued to work his way through the tangled mass of leaves, vines, reeds and bushes, thinking only of making himself safe from the danger behind, and giving no heed to the perils before him.

The awful roar of a lion brought him to a realization of the fact that his condition might be no better where he was than when surrounded by the murderous natives, and he stopped and shuddered, and said over the many prayers his mother had taught him when a child. The lion roared again, much nearer than before; and soon after, he heard a heavy rustling in the thicket before him, and fell down on his knees, believing that his last hour had come. The beast, whatever it was, came crashing toward him through the jungle, and finally passed within a few feet of him. He knew it could not have been the lion himself, for he would not have made so much noise.

Jarvene got up and went forward again, trembling from his late fright and at the thought of the awful perils that surrounded him. He had not gone much further before he found his feet sinking in mud and water, and knew himself on the borders of a marsh that might engulf him should he advance. The foliage overhead was so thick and dense that daylight would only have come dimly into this fearful place, and, being night, he could see nothing, not even his hand when he held it close up before his eyes, nor had he seen a single object since leaving the bank of the river. He turned and retraced his steps till he found himself on hard ground, and then threw himself down in despair, almost wishing he had remained and shared the fate of his companions. He was very tired, the night was warm, his agonizing sense of misery brought on a stupor, and he soon fell asleep.

When he awoke it was broad day, the sun was at least an hour high, and yet the light under the thick canopy of leaves was like the dusk of evening. He started up, somewhat bewildered, but soon remembered all that had occurred, and looked around him with a feeling of terror linked with despair. He was in an African jungle, surrounded by enemies of all kinds, thousands of miles from home, his friends all dead, and with very little chance of ever again beholding the abodes of civilized man. He had no food with him and no weapon but a sheath-knife. He might starve in the jungle, he might be destroyed by serpents or wild beasts, or he might escape these perils only to fall into the hands of robbers or cannibals.

There was no use, however, in remaining where he was, and he started on, going southward only because he thought it the nearest way to the sea coast. He avoided the marsh, and walked some hours, still in the thick jungle, when he became very hungry and thirsty. At length he came to a small, narrow stream, overshadowed by trees; and, hastily constructing a cup of leaves, he sat down on the bank to rest and refresh himself with the liquid element.

He had just done drinking, and was sitting very still, concealed by the rank vegetation which grew up all around and spread all over him, when he heard the bushes slightly rustle on the opposite bank, and saw the head of a beautiful blue antelope peep timidly through the leafy covering and reach down to the water. The next moment something descended swiftly, with a crash, through the leaves and bushes, as it might be the limb of a tree; there were a terrific floundering on the bank, a wild, plaintive cry from the antelope, and the coils of a huge serpent, as it wound around and crushed the poor little animal, met the horrible gaze of Jarvene, who bounded to his feet and rushed swiftly away.

Toward evening of that day the sailor got clear of the jungle and entered a beautiful open wood, which was perfectly clear of underbrush, and the ground of which was covered with flowers of every color and form, looking, at a little distance, as if a magnificent carpet was spread over it. Here the trees were alive with birds as handsome as the flowers; bright, glittering lizards were running up and down the trunks and out upon the limbs, and the air was filled with shining insects and butterflies of all sizes and hues.

At last, as he still walked on, feeling faint for want of food, he came to a cluster of plantain trees, which were from fifteen to twenty feet high, with leaves six feet long, and filled with flowers and fruit, the rich and delicious banana. He quickly ascended the trunk of one of these, but as he put his hand over the first limb a snake wriggled under it, which so shocked and startled him that he let go his hold and came heavily to the ground, fortunately without serious injury. He got up and tried his fortune in another tree, and this time succeeded in plucking off quite a number of heavy branches, of which he ate sufficiently to satisfy the cravings of hunger.

As it was now near night, and he did

not wish to sleep again on the ground, he began to look for a tree in which he could lodge, and at length discovered the wide-spreading banyan, whose branches, bending to the ground, take root and form new stocks, until they do not unfrequently cover a space several hundred feet in circumference, and whose main trunk, if hollowed out, would be large enough for a family to live in. Ascending one of the stocks to the principle crotch Jarvene found room enough there to stretch himself at full length, and, commending his soul to his Maker, he lay down and went to sleep.

He was awakened in the middle of the night by the fighting of some wild beasts at no great distance, but after the noise had ceased he again fell asleep and slept soundly till morning, when he descended, made his breakfast on bananas and resumed his lonely wanderings.

About noon he came to a clearing and saw before him on a hillside a small village of rude huts, part bamboo and part wood, with several of the natives moving lazily about. While he stood looking at them from the edge of the wood, not decided whether to make himself known or steal off and continue his wanderings, he heard a stick snap behind him, and, turning round, found himself confronted with four black, almost naked, villainous fellows, who were armed with bows, arrows and spears, and who, having discovered him, were stealing up to take him prisoner. Resistance was out of the question, for two of the party had their arrows drawn to the head, ready to send them through him, and the others had their spears poised for the same purpose; and so, anxious to preserve his life, he held up both hands, palms outward, in token of peaceful surrender.

The natives evidently had a wholesome fear of the white man; for, before they would approach him, they made signs that he must lie down and cross his hands; and when he had done this, they came up very cautiously, with their weapons all prepared for instant use. But when they finally got hold of him, and got his hands tied, their fears all vanished, and they fairly danced and yelled with delight. They took him into the village, and all the inhabitants, old and young, crowded round him, dancing and singing, and this made him fear that their joy merely sprang from their anticipations of pleasure of feasting on his body, which was doubtless true, for they were really cannibals.

They now robbed him of everything he had—his watch, knife, keys and a few trinkets—then stripped him of all his clothes, piece by piece, till he was perfectly naked. This done, they shut him up in one of their huts, tying his feet and releasing his hands, so that he could help himself to the food they placed for him, some stewed goat's flesh and cassava bread, of which, being very hungry, he ate heartily, not knowing but it might be his last meal. Soon after this the fetch-man—a diabolical-looking fellow, with low forehead, flat nose, huge mouth and wicked eyes—came in and examined him and went away. He was not disturbed again that day and night, but he slept very little, thinking of the horrid doom that he believed was in store for him.

At an early hour next morning he heard a great noise in the village, and supposed the natives were preparing for a feast; and when some of them came, unbound and led him forth, he thought his last hour was surely at hand. To his surprise he found the village filled with a large Moorish cavalcade, comprised of men, women and slaves. A rich Moor was making a journey to the coast, with his harem of females, all mounted and veiled, his body-guard of Arabs, all mounted and armed, and a large number of slaves, of different races, traveling on foot and driving a herd of cattle and a number of beasts of burden.

Jarvene was at once conducted to the Moor himself, who was a stout, middle-aged man, superbly mounted on a thoroughbred, and whose turban, toga, tunic, trousers and sandals were of the richest stuffs and glittered with costly jewels. The Moor eyed him sharply, addressed him in two languages and then in French. On hearing his native tongue, the poor sailor burst into tears, and piteously begged the other to take him with him and restore him to his country.

"Will your countrymen pay a handsome ransom for you?" inquired the Moor, who had only speculation in view.

"Oh, yes, your royal highness. I'm sure they will," replied Jarvene.

"If not, what then?"

"God will reward you," said the sailor, solemnly.

"I never purchase prisoners with the view of getting any pay from that quarter," rejoined the Moor, with something like a sneer, "but always with the expectation that they will be ransomed, or that I shall sell them for gain, or that they will more than compensate me as slaves. I will buy you, because I think I can make money by the purchase."

He called up one of his overseers and ordered him to take Jarvene away, give him a cloth for his loins and put him to work among the slaves till further notice. This saved the poor sailor from being devoured by negro cannibals.

The cavalcade soon moved forward and traveled at the rate of about fifteen or twenty miles a day. At night tents were put up for the Moor and his household, but the slaves slept in the open air. The latter were obliged to watch the cattle till they were done grazing and then drive them in and secure them in a pen, which they also had to take down and put up every day, so that, for the most part, they got very little sleep, and often felt the whip of the overseer when anything went wrong.

As they drew near the coast, Jarvene, whose flesh had more than once tingled under the lash, determined to effect his escape; and at last he succeeded in getting past the Arab sentinels and making his way into a port where a French vessel lay, and his countrymen gladly gave him their protection and bore him from the scene of his troubles back to his native land.—N. Y. Ledger.

## SALTED CLAIM.

## Judge Stevens Tells a Good Story About a Yankee's Shrewdness.

Judge Stevens, of Ironwood, is a good story teller, and, one evening when the thermometer was below zero at Ironwood and the wind was whistling outside of a cozy room where was burning a cheerful fire, he related a tale of a Yankee's shrewdness. The Judge is an old miner and went out West with the rush for gold. Near a claim where the Judge was working was a thin, angular New Englander, who just kept shoveling ore and paid no attention to any one else. One day some capitalists came along and casually picked up a few chunks from the Yankee's output. When they got back to town they had them assayed and they yielded wonderful results. The capitalists jumped in the air for joy. Then they went back and there was the old fellow shoveling the same as ever and not saying a word.

"You'll never do anything this way," remarked one of the capitalists.

"Well, I'll get on," returned the Yankee, plying his pick with renewed energy.

"You should interest capital to help you develop that hole in the ground," continued the capitalist.

"Can develop it myself, I guess," said the Yankee.

"Think you've got anything?"

"Not yet. Nothing in sight."

Then the gentlemen took several more peices of rock and went back to town.

These assayed even richer, than the first samples, and the capitalists were wild with excitement. They went back the following day to see the old man, who gazed upon them with unconcern as they approached. He was a taciturn individual, with an honest face, and he looked as though he would rather die than wrong any one.

"My friend," said one of the capitalists, "What will you sell out for?"

"Wouldn't sell out."

"But we want to buy."

"What would you want to buy for? There is nothing here yet. May be some day, but this hole ain't worth anything."

"We want to buy it, though, and will give you \$10,000."

"It ain't worth ten cents."

"Will you sell?"

"Nope."

"Give you \$20,000."

"Nope."

Finally \$60,000 was offered.

"Well," said the Yankee, "you can have it if you want it, but I tell you it's nothing but a hole in the ground. May be worth it some day, but now it ain't worth sixty cents."

But the money was paid and the capitalists received the hole. The Yankee's assertions were correct. The hole was not worth sixty cents, but the taciturn Yankee had spread a few rich samples around, and then waited for some fish to bite. He had an honest face, but human nature is sometimes deceptive.—Detroit Free Press.

## La Grippe.

During the prevalence of the Grippe the past season it was a noticeable fact that those who depended upon Dr. King's New Discovery, not only had a speedy recovery, but escaped all of the troublesome after effects of the malady. This remedy seems to have a peculiar power in effecting rapid cures not only in cases of La Grippe, but in all diseases of Throat, Chest and Lungs, and has cured cases of Asthma and Hay Fever of long standing. Try it and be convinced. It won't disappoint. Free trial bottles at Seybert & Co's.

## Obituary.

In memory of Robert Wright, entered into rest, October 31st, 1893. He was thirty eight years old. He united with the Methodist Church at Sharpsville, in early manhood, and since that time has proved a faithful servant to his Master. His life was a continuous chain of Christian work, full of good actions and noble deeds. He was a faithful and devoted teacher in the Lord's Day School, as well as in his public business, in which he was engaged previous to his illness. In his death we have lost a valued, upright and impartial instructor. His sickness and death were the result of typhoid fever. He seemed to think in the beginning of his sickness that he would get well. Yet he was willing to depart. He said to his mother, brother and sisters, "I have read the Scriptures through and I think I can understand them. When I die, I want to go to Heaven. What a glorious place that must be that Christ has prepared for us!" He frequently asked to be prayed for. He was a kind, loving and affectionate son, and his friendship was lasting. He had a smile and a kind word for all he met. He leaves a mother and brother and sisters who deeply mourn their loss. He leaves a host of friends who sympathize with his relatives in their greatest bereavement. The funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. Valgar, after which he was laid to rest in the Lynchburg cemetery, to wait the resurrection morn.

T. F. Anthony, ex-postmaster of Promise City, Iowa, says: "I bought one bottle of 'Mystic Cure' for rheumatism and two doses of it did me more good than all the medicine I ever took." Sold by W. R. Smith & Co., Druggists, Hillsboro, Ohio.

## The way to Build up a Town.

We take the following article from an exchange. It is truthful:

"There are as many ways to build up and make a town or city prosperous as there are ways not to do so, but one among the best articles we have seen lately, mapping out a course to make a town boom is the following. It is good advice to hang onto, and we hope our citizens will not be backward in grasping the ideas therein set forth:

Every town that has grown to any importance has done so because the people worked to that end. They saw in their town an embryo city. Everything that might be taken as a text for social talk was made to do service for the upbuilding of the town, and thus held up the hands of the men in authority. To discourage improvements is to tear down; to try to appear wise by continually offering advice after decisions have been made by authorities is to create opinion. Great caution should be used to prevent the forming of factions. All the people should unite in one effort to welcome strangers and assure them that the known hospitality of our citizens is a guarantee that their stay will be a pleasant one among us. Such unmanly, unjust expressions as, 'Oh, there is no enterprise here,' 'Our town is behind the times,' 'Few would spend a dollar for fear others might reap five,' and other talk in this vein is contagious, and soon forms the subject of popular dissatisfaction.

"Such an epidemic is a blight few towns can survive. Talk for your homes, and if you can't stand the methods of the majority, move out and let the men who try to build their town by words and work, find out how much they have lost by your removal. We must be united to prosper; in this country the majority sets the line of work; we must hew to follow."

## A Headache Cure.

A heavy, dull headache, situated over the brow, and accompanied by languor, chilliness and a feeling of general discomfort, with distaste for food, which sometimes approaches to nausea, can, says the *Alienist and Neurologist*, generally be completely removed by a two-grain dose of potassium salt dissolved in half a wineglassful of water, and quietly sipped, the whole quantity being taken in about ten minutes. In many cases the effect of these small doses has been simply wonderful. A person who, a quarter of an hour before, was feeling most miserable and refused all food, wishing for quietness, would now take a good meal and resume his wonted cheerfulness. The rapidity with which the iodide acts in these cases constitutes its great advantage.

## A Pocket Night Lamp.

To obtain a light sufficient to read the time by a watch or clock by night, without danger of setting things on fire, is an easy matter. Take an oblong vial of the clearest of glass, put into it a piece of phosphorus about the size of a pea, pour upon this some pure olive oil, heated to the boiling point, the bottle is to be filled about one third full, then cork tightly. To use the light remove the cork, allow the air to enter then recork. The whole empty space in the bottle will then become luminous, and the light obtained will be a good one. As soon as the light becomes dim its power can be increased by opening the bottle and allowing a fresh supply of air to enter.

Hon. H. Dudley Coleman, Republican, who, several years ago, was elected to Congress, was a colonel in the rebel army, and is now a member of the association of the Army of Northern Virginia. Last week he attended a meeting for the purpose of making arrangements for the annual banquet of this association, and recommended that twelve Union veterans be invited to the feast to assist in making it significantly indicative of the cordial and patriotic relations now existing between the two sides. He urged that he hoped by the presence of the Union men to show to the world that the surviving soldiers are reunited in one cause, working for the progress and prosperity of a common country. The resolution created much indignation and was voted down, and Col. Coleman was treated in such manner that he tendered his resignation and left the hall. The late Confederacy is in the saddle and no Union veterans need apply. They want a "New South," peace and prosperity, but they want it their way, and not according to Yankee notions.

Your local paper tells you when to go to church, to county court, and to send your children to school, anywhere you want to go. It tells you who is married, who is dead, who is sick, who is born and many other things you would like to know. It calls attention to the public enterprises advocates the best law and order in the town. It records the marriage of your daughter, the death of your son, the illness of your wife, free of charge. It sets forth the advantages of your town and invites immigration, and is the first to welcome newcomers. Yet, in spite of all these benefits, some people say the home paper is not half as good as some other paper that has no interest in their business or success. The home paper is too often neglected by those who are benefited by it.

## List of Patents

Granted to the Ohio inventors this week. Reported by C. A. Snow & Co., solicitors of American and foreign patents, opposite U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

J. Borton, Barnesville, twisting tool for fence wire; W. J. Bowen, Norfolk, electric heater; A. T. Brown, Cincinnati, controlling device for elevators; J. E. Chaffer, Cleveland, automatic feed-water regulator; G. W. Ford, Cleveland, rack for displaying samples of paint; O. J. Fuchs, Chillicothe, cyclometer; J. A. Gorgas, Dayton, fifth wheel for vehicles; N. R. Gray, Elyria, dress hook; W. C. Johnson, Creston, cultivator; O. S. King, Painesville, sliding door lock; E. King, Sidney, washing-machine; W. L. Laifer, Cleveland, fork; J. H. Landis, Pittsburg, wire fence; O. E. Miller and N. P. Haas, Youngstown, rail joint or coupling; A. Noteman, Toledo, fuel oil; J. L. Pope, Cleveland, pulley block; W. L. Silvey, Dayton, making secondary battery plates; J. W. Smallwood, Cincinnati, coin or check controlled delivery apparatus; E. A. Sperry, Cleveland, automatic register for dynamo electric machines; R. F. Stewart, Canton, knotter for grain binders; T. A. Taylor, Kenton, jail-gate; J. W. F. A. S. L. and P. P. Vermillion, Newark, cutter bar for mowing machines; C. A. Warren, Columbus, running gear for vehicles; E. H. Weatherhead, Cleveland, hydraulic air pump; C. C. Weidman, Medina, wind wheel; J. F. Wentz, Sandusky, lathe dog; S. C. Williams, East Liverpool, barrel; J. and C. Zehner, Bellevue, preserving meats.

## Cook Book Free.

On receipt of ten cents in stamps or coin the C. H. & D. will send a copy of the *Martha Washington Cook Book*, post-paid, to any address. The book comprises over 300 pages and is fully illustrated. It is the standard authority on the famous dining cars that run daily between Cincinnati and Chicago on the "Velvet Train" of the C. H. & D. and Monon Route. Address D. G. Edwards, G. P. and T. Agt. C. H. & D., Carew Building, Cincinnati, O. The C. H. & D., in connection with the Monon, is the World's Fair Route to Chicago.

Congressman Houk, of Tennessee, thinks the people of the South are not getting their share of offices. They only have about four-fifths of the chairmanships in congressional committees, the biggest end of Grover's cabinet, and about three-fourths of the places in the departments. What is the South's share? Does she want everything in sight? We would like to rise in behalf of the great State of Ohio, the home of the illustrious Larry Talbot Neal, who dares fling ridicule and contempt into the faces of Geo. Washington, Tom Jefferson, James Madison, Andrew Jackson, Dan Webster, Henry Clay and all such, in the name of that great State we rise to call Grover's attention to the fact that Ohio is entitled to 873 appointments in the various departments at Washington, while she only has 638. The balance of her proportion, like that of Pennsylvania, Indiana, and other Northern States, has been laid as a tribute at the feet of the Solid South. Still the rebel Brigadiers are not satisfied.

## Relief In Six Days.

Distressing kidney and bladder diseases relieved in six hours by the "New Great South American Kidney Cure." This new remedy is a great surprise on account of its exceeding promptness in relieving pain in the bladder, kidneys, back and every part of the urinary passages in male or female. It relieves retention of water and pain in passing it almost immediately. If you want quick relief and cure this your remedy. Sold by W. R. Smith & Co., Druggists, Hillsboro, Ohio.

About midway of the reading of the Court Journal, Wednesday morning, and while the clerk was reading the report of the grand jury, and ending with the following: "We the grand jury have discharged the duties demanded of us to the best of our abilities," the court ordered him to stop, and here is substantially what he said: "The grand jury did not discharge its duty and it knows it. It has utterly failed. It was known to that jury that a mob had committed a dastardly murder in this county, and an abundance of evidence could have been found on the streets of West Union, to convict a number of men who were in it. There is a blot upon your county that time can never efface. This court is disgusted with the manner in which affairs are conducted in Adams county. The spirit seems to be to oppose law and order, and corruption an object to be cheered. Under those circumstances it would be useless for me to call a special grand jury for it would only bring contempt upon this court, and that he will not allow."—W. U. Scion.

## Note from The Century Co.

The Century Co., 33 East 17th St., New York, have just issued "Pudd'nhead Wilson's Calendar for 1894," containing humorous extracts from Mark Twain's latest story, "Pudd'nhead Wilson," now appearing in *The Century*. They offer to send a copy of the calendar free to any one who will enclose them a stamp to pay postage.

Lie is the name of the leading Norwegian novelist.

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## Ask Your Friends

Who have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla what they think of it, and the replies will be positive in its favor. Simply what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story of its merit. One has been cured of indigestion or dyspepsia, another finds it indispensable for sick headache or biliousness, while others report remarkable cures of scrofula, catarrh, rheumatism, salt rheum, etc.

Hood's Pills are purely vegetable.

Judge Davis' life has been threatened for instructing the Grand Jury to look into the lynching of Parker. That is going a little too far. Judge Davis knew his duty and he did it well. Threats have little effect on him and fall far short of the purpose for which they are intended.—W. U. Scion.

Mr. Albert Favorite, of Arkansas City, Kan., wishes to give our readers the benefit of his experience with colds. He says: "I contracted a cold early last spring that settled on my lungs, and had hardly recovered from it when I caught another that hung on all summer and left me with a hacking cough which I thought I never would get rid of. I had used Chamberlain's Cough Remedy some fourteen years ago with much success, and concluded to try it again. When I had got through with one bottle my cough had left me, and I have not suffered with a cough or cold since. I have recommended it to others, and all speak well of it." 50 cent bottles for sale by Seybert & Co., Hillsboro, Ohio.

There were 33,136 locomotives engaged in hauling passengers and freight over the railways of this country last year: 5,848 in hauling passenger trains alone. To transport the passenger traffic of the country 28,875 cars were in operation, while for the conveyance of freight nearly half a million cars were required.

The breath of a chronic catarrh patient is often so offensive that he becomes an object of disgust. After a time ulceration sets in, the spongy bones are attacked, and frequently destroyed. A constant source of discomfort is the dripping of the purulent secretions into the throat, sometimes producing inveterate bronchitis, which is usually the exciting cause of pulmonary disease. The brilliant results by its use for years past properly designate Ely's Cream Balm as far the best and only cure. Call upon your druggist for it.

A little four year old boy at Wanun Hills vaccinated himself in the tongue by playing with one of the vaccine points which his parents left on the table. His tongue swelled to immoderate size and he came near choking to death.—Mt. Sterling Tribune

Our readers will find Simmons Liver Regulator advertised in these columns. We advertised it, and use it, and we commend it as a safe and excellent medicine. We became acquainted with it in Georgia where it is a standard family medicine. We do not deny the merits of other preparations but simply state that this one commands confidence. From the *Journal*, Lanesboro, Minn.

There is a haunted tree at North Searspott, Me., which shelters a spot where a murder has been committed. Moss has formed the initials "W. B." on the bark.

Joseph V. Dory, of Warsaw, Ill., was troubled with rheumatism and tried a number of different remedies, but says none of them seemed to do him any good, but finally he got hold of one that speedily cured him. He was that much pleased with it, and felt sure that others similarly afflicted would like to know what the remedy was that cured him. He states for the benefit of the public that it is called Chamberlain's Pain Balm. For sale by Seybert & Co.